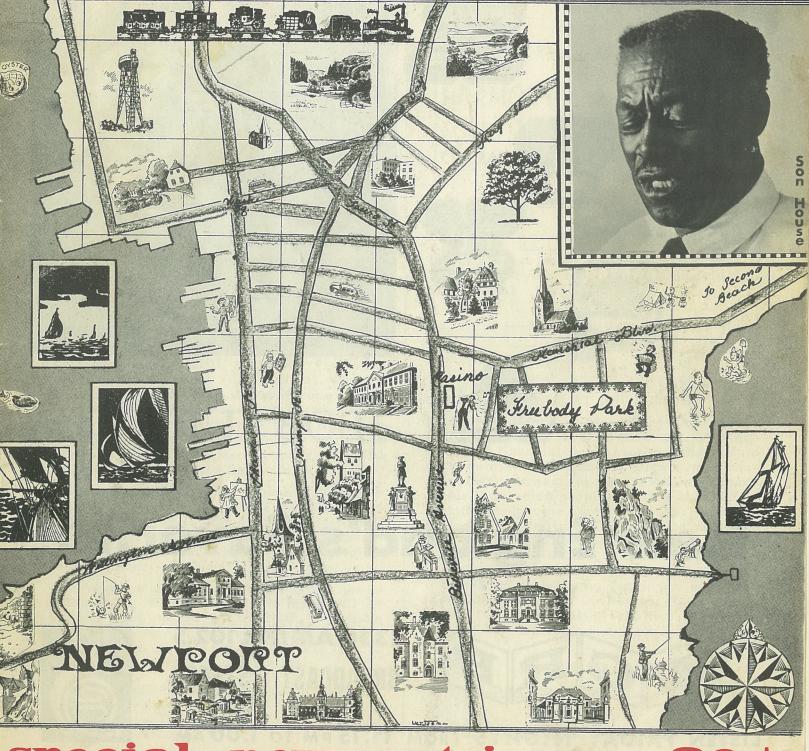
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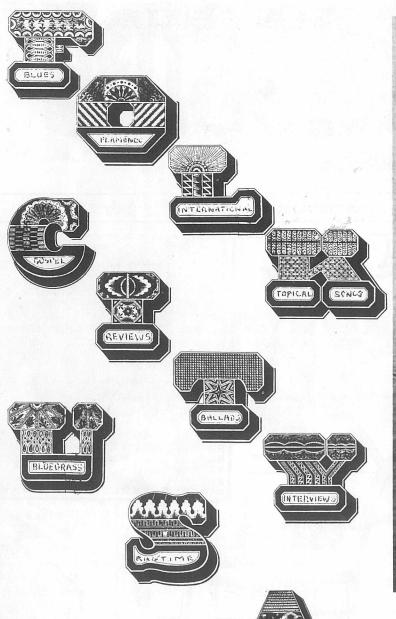
Volume III, No. 11

Cambridge, Massachusetts

July 22, 1964



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Business Manager
Art Editor
Adv. & Circ.
Staff Artists

Dave Wilson
Bill Rabkin
Bob Lurtsema
Phil Guptill
Denise Kennedy
Liz Shapiro
Dick Sullo
Chris Murray
Bonnie West

Layout Technician Copy Chief Copy Assistants

Bonnie West Claudette Bonnevie Karen Dodge

Administrative Assistants

Sara Nutter

Distribution Assistant

Barry Mushlin

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Son House Photo by Dick Waterman

BROADSIDE AT NEWPORT

This is a very special issue of BROADSIDE. Not because it's a bit bigger than normal and a little bit fancier, but because it allows us to extend a very special invitation to all our friends, readers, and performers.

This year BROADSIDE will have its own booth at the Newport Folk Festival, and we sincerely hope that each and every one of you, whether this issue is the first or the sixty-first you have read, will take a few moments to drop by the booth in Freebody Park and say hello. We would like to meet you, and we hope that you would like to meet us.

If you have gripes, and who hasn't, now's the chance to lay into us; and if you have nice things to say, we'll also be happy to listen. Hopefully, many of you will also have a number of suggestions, which we will also be happy to hear.

The Newport weekend is an important one to folk music. We think that this issue will be an important one for BROADSIDE. We think it contains some of the best writing we have yet produced, and we would certainly like to hear your reactions to our efforts.

Another good reason to drop by our booth is that we will have on hand a wide selection of a good many of the folk music publications which are available.

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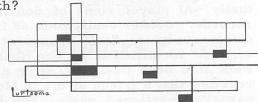
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STAFF OPENINGS AT BROADSIDE

It is pretty much of a mystery why anyone would want to devote free time to a job which offers no financial renumeration, lots of hassles, an overdose of inconvenience, and constant harrassment by the editor and associates; but, some people do. BROADSIDE is looking for people like that - who would be interested in writing, learning to do paste ups, art work, proofreading, or making coffee and washing dishes. There doesn't seem to be much reason for anyone to want to get involved in such chaos, but if you do, write to BROADSIDE, P. O. Box 65, Cambridge, Mass. 02138, or call 491-8675.



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by Phil Spiro

(Phil Spiro is the host of Folkside on WTBS-fm, and a frequent contributor to our pages.)

About the last place anyone would think of looking for a bluesman is Rochester, New York. Don't think we were any different - we went to Memphis

Back in April, Booker (often erroneously misspelled "Bukka") White was in Boston for his only East Coast engagement to date. While he was here, Booker stayed with Al Wilson and me. Now, Booker, as a "rediscovered" bluesman, has gone through the names-datesplaces routine so many times that I've often felt he should mimeo a data sheet and simply hand it out at appropriate intervals. Al, however, was more interested in how Booker felt about the music he was playing and singing than in memories of recording sessions twenty years ago.

They discussed how Booker approaches the problem of writing a song, why he prefers certain techniques to others on the guitar, qualities he admires in other bluesmen, etc. Naturally, the conversation(s) moved to musicians Booker knows and had known in the old days.

Booker didn't care too much for Robert Johnson or anyone with a high voice, as I recall; but he enjoyed listening to the records of one of his boyhood idols, Charlie Patton. Eventually, Al played some of Son House's old records. Booker really took an interest; he didn't recognize Son's music at first, but when Al identified it as Son House, Booker went into deep thought. After a while, he recalled that a friend of his in Memphis had casually mentioned seeing Son House last year.

Both Al and I were astonished to hear this, for blues collectors had been looking for Son House for over ten years. The only information known about him was that his first name was Eugene, he had lived in Robinsonville, Mississippi, was a part-time preacher, and sometimes wore a white cowboy hat. He had recorded commercially for Paramount in 1930 and again for the Library of Congress in the early forties; no one had seen him since.

Through Booker, we got intouch with the woman who saw Son in Memphis - Ma Rainey. No, not THE Ma Rainey, but a woman who is such a fine blues singer, that her friends call her "Ma Rainey" out of respect for her abilities.

I called Ma (whose real name is Lillian Glover) in Memphis, and yes, she had seen Son House last year. No, she didn't find out where he was living, but she would be glad to help look for him.

Off to Memphis! I had two weeks vacation beginning in the second week in June; so I was ready. Al was playing at the Club 47 during that period and couldn't go. I contacted Nick Perls, a blues collector from New York, and Dick Waterman, a Cambridge journalist and photographer, whose name, I'm sure, is familiar to Broadside readers.

We crammed three people, three suitcases, two tape recorders, a camera bag, three sleeping bags, two mike stands and booms, and random maps, books and other trivia into (and on) one very small, very red Volkswagen. After 1200 miles of steady driving, we were feeling more than a little cramped.

When we arrived in Memphis, we found Ma Rainey was not in; we went with Booker to visit some friends of his and did some taping. It was two or three days before we found Ma Rainey at home. She had found that Son had been in Memphis to visit relatives (names unknown) and had left town (destination unknown).

Rather than stop after coming so far, we decided to check another Son House lead, though it sounded pretty weak. Gayle Wardlow and Bernard Klatzko, while searching for information about Charlie Patton, found that Son House had lived in Lake Commorant, Mississippi (see Charlie Patton, Vol. 2, Origin Jazz Library #7). We enlisted the aid of Rev. Robert Wilkins, another rediscovered bluesman, who was an old friend of Son's, driving in Memphis, and we went to check out Lake Commorant.

Lake Commorant is a virtually non-existant town about twenty miles south of Memphis, off Highway 61. We pulled off 61 and talked to a group of women who were chopping cotton. Rev. Wilkins had been born and raised in that area and had no trouble at all finding out that Son House had relatives of some sort in Lake Commorant. We were referred to an old woman, whose relation to Son remains unclear. She told us that Son's brother-in-law or cousin lived on a plantation a few miles down the road. The people there knew of Son House, but no one knew of any relatives of his. Son had gone to New York quite a while ago but had been back a few times to visit. Why didn't we go see Fiddling Joe Martin, who lived near Clak's? He used to play with Son.

We found Fiddling Joe's place with no trouble. But Joe had just left to go fishing. He had been picked up by an unknown friend, but they had been using Woodrow Adams' car; although Woodrow was working, he would probably know where Joe could be found.

.continued following next page

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Off we went to look for Woodrow, who worked as a tractor driver on an immense plantation. For the next three hours, the four of us bounced, rattled and ground our way through the maze of fields that made up the plantation. Woodrow's wife turned up (chopping cotton), Woodrow's carturned up (but no Joe), and finally (chug!) the elusive Woodrow turned up, driving, as advertised, a John Deere tractor.

No, he didn't know where Joe was. No, Joe had not been using his car that day.

Woodrow agreed to contact Joe that night and to arrange a session the following night in Memphis. Woodrow and Joe played guitar and drums in a three piece group; the piano player, John (Piano Red) Williams, lived in Memphis.

Things were starting to fall in place. Woodrow and Hatzko had reached a dead end at Lake Commorant, but thanks to Rev. Wilkins, doors that had been closed to other collectors were opened to us. Joe, as it turned out, was the key to finding Son House.

We met Joe the next night at Piano Red's. He is a thin, energetic man of about fifty; he had burned his hand a while back and had taken up drums, as he now felt uncomfortable on guitar. Did he know Son? Hell, yes, he knew Son! Son had been living in New York for some time now, but he didn't have the address. He knew that Son's stepdaughter had been married to Benny Brown, Jr. a while back and that Benny Brown, Sr., who was in the Memphis V. A. Hospital, might have Son's address. It was decided that we would visit Brown, Sr., and Joe would check Brown, Jr., who lived in Robinsonville.

Brown, Sr. was in the hospital with only a minor liver ailment, so we were allowed to visit him. Rev. Wilkins again went with us to pave the way. Brown didn't know Son's address, but he was quite certain that Son was living in Rochester.

That narrowed it down quite a bit, but we still needed an address as badly as ever. Back to see Joe in Mississippi.

Joe took us to see Brown, Jr., who had been out when Joe tried to reach him earlier. Brown had not heard from his ex-wife (Son's step-daughter) in years; she had remarried and was now living in Detroit. Another dead end.

Wait a minute - she married Grace Strong's boy; the Strongs might know something. And off we went to see the Strongs.

Yes, her boy was married to Son's step-daughter, Mrs. Strong told us. We could probably reach him by phone at about four thirty, when he finishes work.

J. W. Smith, Detroit - Just a minute. I have the address here somewhere... Saw him last year... Oh, yes, he still plays the old music ...here's the address....

Western Union, Memphis: "If you are the Son House who recorded for Paramount in the thirties and the Library of Congress in the forties, please call person to person collect in Memphis"

Climax? Fini? Not quite. Smith had made a small mistake in the address, and the telegram could not be delivered. We spent two more frustrating days calling Rochester and Detroit before we finally reached Son on the phone on Father's Day.

Now I realize that this sort of thing, bluesman rediscovered after 20 years, is supposed to be dramatic and all that (and for an interestingly dramatized version of how Son was found, see Newsweek, July 13, 1964, page 82), but to tell the truth, nothing very dramatic happened.

Son seemed to be a bit puzzled as to why we had been looking for him and how we knew of his music; nobody else had showed any interest in the last twenty odd years. He said he could still play, although he hadn't played regularly in about four years. We told him we would be in Rochester to see him in a few days.

After I hung up, I turned to Slick, who was grinning from ear to ear, and started to say something. Whatever it was I started to say, it ended up as "WE DID IT!"

We went back to the room, where Nick was in the process of taping Solomon Henderson, one of the many fine bluesmen we recorded during the trip. After a short backslapping session, we made plans for the trip to Rochester.

We had a lead to Skip James from one of Piano Red's neighbors - James was supposed to have gone to Poplar Bluff, Missouri, from Kansas City, about seven years ago. We drove straight north to Poplar Bluff, about 240 miles. No one in Poplar Bluff had ever heard of Skip James. We found out later that James had been found in Mississippi, by John Fahey, et al., at just about the time we were looking for him in Poplar Bluff (see the aforementioned Newsweek article). Working on the bird-in-the-sand principle, we left for Rochester after only a day in Poplar Bluff.

We sent Son a telegram, and he was expecting us when we arrived. Son was supposed to be a short, fat man; there was a thin man of average height sitting on the apartment house stoop. I asked him if he knew which apartment Son House lived in.

"This is him." said Son House.





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It seems pretty strange to me that it has taken so many people so much time to get around to the question of what is or what is not folk music. There have always been a few people who have struggled for some sort of definition. ("Tell me, Blind Whatsis, what is folk music?" -- "Why, Mr. Turtle, all music is folk music. I never heerd no horse sing, did you?") But on the whole, most of the answers which have been given appear to be evasions of the question rather than a sincere attempt to confront the issue.

It furthermore seems that the argument, or discussion, if you want to play civilized, usually rears its head whenever the rather naive disagreement of "ethnic" vs "commercial" is muddying up peoples' cerebral sandboxes. I don't think that it's got too much to do with the question.

In his article, The Performer And The Listener, which appeared in this magazine a few months ago, R. L. Jones tried to establish some base from which to approach the problem of what is, and what is not folk music. He recruited three sources: Lomax, Hinton, and John Cohen.

The Lomax contribution was an approach in terms of the function of the music, ie..."the first function... is to produce a feeling of security for the listener, by voicing the particular quality of a land and the life of its people."

Hinton's approach was interms of technique ie... "Folk music is produced when people treat songs creatively and when their creativity results in the development of a recognizable framework of musical and poetic expression."

John Cohen produced a psychological rationale, ie... "Before it is anything else, folk music is a rationalized creation by city people to isolate for them a force which exists elsewhere than within themselves."

To try and construct a system using these three approaches, as stated by their adherents, would result in my disbelief that any such thing as folk music did or could really exist.

The object of the rest of this column will be to try and construct a system to which all three of these approaches, and any number of others also, will prove consistently valid.

In order to establish some basic definitions, let me make a distinction between folk music and Folkmusic.

When I use the term folk music, I mean that music which does spring from a cultural cross section, regardless of what limitations you impose on the cross section, ie...time, space, economic level, religion, etc.

When I use the term Folkmusic, I mean that music which is performed by an artist who may or may not be a part of the cultural context from which the music is drawn.

Considering music to be an expression, and music from a cultural cross section to be a cultural expression (as opposed to a personal expression), it would seem that folk music is not "art," especially if you, as I do, consider "art" to be personal. A song which is a folk song, rather than a Folksong, is not the property of an individual. While an individual may have constructed its first form, it has been modified by the constant chafing of the voices and perceptions of a number of the culture's members, until it has become far more of a vehicle for the culture's perception, than any individual's perception. True students of folk music are far more interested in what a folk song can tell about the culture from which it sprang than they are in its form, melody line, or suitability for city audiences.

On the other hand, Folkmusic is that music which is drawn from any cultural cross section and used by an artist as a vehicle for his perception. It is not primarily a representation of a culture - it is a representation of the artist who performs it. The performers are musicians first (or should be) and users of folk material second. Any criticism of them should be first leveled at their ability as musicians rather than at their commercial appeal or ethnic purity.

This obviously raises the problem of whether a performer who sings the music of his own cultural origin is a folk singer or a Folksinger. The answer is fairly simple. Once he becomes a performer, ie...an artist, he is a Folksinger who is representing himself through his music, regardless of whether or not or how much his music also represents his culture.

It follows that a folk song can also be a Folksong, if, as a folk song, it is representative of the artist or Folksinger who performs it.

A few rather interesting conclusions are evident from this system of approach. The first is that this so-called revival of interest in folk music is not really a revival but a growing interest in an artistic experience through what is to most people a novel, more honest, more sincere sharing of the artistic experience. Secondly, that artistic criticism leveled at folk music, folk songs, and folk musicians, while possibly valid, is beside the point, and only artistic criticism of Folksongs, Folkmusic and Folkmusicians is pertinent.

Returning to the approaches of Mssrs. Lomax, Hinton, and Cohen, we can say:

The function of folk music is to express the feelings of a culture (cultural cross section, sub culture, etc.) while the function of Folkmusic is to express the feelings of the performing artist.

Technically, a folk song is produced when the music has been formed by the members of a culture and is representative of that culture, and Folkmusic is produced by an artist who has drawn upon a cultural source and used it to represent himself.

Psychologically, folk music is the expression of the cultural mind, while Folkmusic is the expression of the individual's mind.

The neophyte will readily se-

This system is, of course, only the rudiments of any serious approach to the problem and is open to any amount of criticism; but it works better than any other system.

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(Gil De Jesus is not only a student of the Classical Guitar, but a performer and instructor as well.)

No one knows for certain where and how the word "Flamenco" originated, and the aficionados" (fans) are not agreed as to its original meaning. There are many stories concerning the origin of the word; however, for these notes on the subject, it is sufficient to say that when we speak of Flamenco, we mean the folk music and dances of Spanish Gypsies. It is interesting to add that one often hears a Spaniard call his mischievous child "un nino flamenco" (a flamenco boy). The foxy, seductive "gitana" (gypsy girl) sitting on her father's doorstep would be called "una chicaflamenca" (a flamenco chick). This leads us to believe that besides dancing, singing, and the guitar, Flamenco also means a character type; an earthy yet intuitive easy-going personality; a certain philosophy of life.

As in every art, Flamenco has coined certain phrases and words used by all aficionados when conversing on the subject. We will endeavor to introduce some of them here as we progress with the explanation.

"El Arte" (the art of Flamenco) in its complete and pure form (Flamenco puro) is divided in three expressions:

- a) Cante Flamenco (Flamenco Song)
- b) Toque Flamenco (Flamenco style of playing on the guitar)
- c) Baile Flamenco (Flamenco Dance)

These three are done most often simultaneously, with each performer improvising on a set pattern of "compass" (rhythm), sound, and character which represent a particular dance and song.

Toque Flamenco is the source of rhythm for the dancers and accompaniment to the "cantaores" (singers), but it can be done and is being done more and more as a guitar solo.

Cante Flamenco is done to the accompaniment of the guitar; however, it is done without accompaniment also in such songs as "Martinetes," which I consider the best Flamenco method, tells us that Cante Flamenco originated in the geographical triangle formed by the peoples of Moron, Jerez, and Ronda, and that it expanded through all Andalusia. In the process of expanding, its primitive essence kept variating, each locality adding its character to the music. Thus we have Malaguenas from the town of Malaga, Granadinas from Granada, Sevillanas from Seville, etc. He further mentions that the root of the Fla-

menco idiom is the "cana" (gypsy primitive song), and that from this we inherited many transformations.

Cante Jondo includes all songs and dances that evoke or express the tragedy of life. "Sonidos Negroes" (black sounds), as the gypsies called them, are produced in these. These are sounds full of sadness and the more serious aspects of life. The "cantaor" (singer) expresses them more than the guitar. As he is more concerned with intensity of emotions his voice (which, incidentally, may be as hoarse as a crow's, due to a brawl the night before) comes out in sobs and fits of passion. In this category we find the more serious songs and dances such as Martinetes, Soleares, Canas, Seguidillas Gitanas, etc.

Cante Chico includes the lighter and gayer forms of the art, such as: Farrucas, Fandangos, Bulerias, Alegrias, Sevillanas, etc.

Note: The classifications and some of the ideas in this article vary in the opinion of different artists; therefore, I am aware of possible criticism.

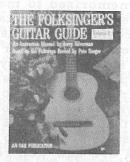
Most of these songs follow a very strict compas (beat) and therefore, can be used as dances. A smaller number of them are done completely free from rhythm. We cannot, in so short a space, describe the idiosyncracies of each dance and song; but a couple of examples will give the neophyte an idea. A Granadina, due to its expressive character, is not subject to strict rhythmical rules. It is actually a Fandango, the melody of which has been beautified with arabesques, subtle tunes and ornaments. When it is done slowly, its style is very similar to the Malaguena; however, it maintains its distinct personality. The Taranta and Malaguena are usually done in free rhythm except, when in rare cases, they are danced to, in which case the Taranta becomes a Taranto, and the Malaguena takes on a waltzy rhythm.

Further, each dance is done on a certain meter (3/4, 4/4, etc.), a certain key, and a certain melody; and if we should record some of these melodies in musical notation, we find that we will have a certain number of measures for each "falsetta" (variation, improvisation) and only that number. For example, a Farruca is done in the keys of A or E, in major or minor modes. It has a quadruple rhythm (4/4) and a typical melody that always fits in eighth measures of 4/4 time.

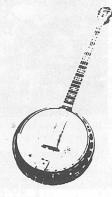
The neophyte will readily see that merely to perform a few "rasgueados"(Flamenco strumming) on the guitar does not constitute Flamenco, and here I would like to say a few words about the "Flamenco flirt." The Flamenco flirt, as I call him, is the fellow who fools his audience into thinking that a few fast rasgueados is all there is to Flamenco. Ac-

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tually, this sort of person can only play a few chords, but he plays them fast and loud. It is bad enough that artists are forced to educate their audiences without the phonies adding to the already present confusion.

There is also a trend among beginning students of Flamenco to disregard the importance of learning to read and understand music. It is true that some of the greatest artists, in fact a great number of Flamenco players, do not read music. This is fine, if you are a gypsy living in Spain, listening to nothing but Flamenco and not caring to understand any other kind of music; but let us face it. The fact that you are reading this article should remind you at once that to a great extent you are already quite unlike a gypsy, for most gypsies cannot read or write. This includes the gypsies right here in Boston's South End who rebel against going to school. The point I am trying to make is that we "gorgios" (non-gypsies - and especially American born ones) will probably never play with the same intensity of feeling and sense of rhythm as the Flamencos do. So, if one can learn some of his falsettas from the music, this will not in any way spoil the earthly feeling of his Flamenco. The reason that the gypsies and some Flamenco guitarists teach by rote is that they do not know any other way. From a financial point of view, studying Flamenco just by rote is absurd unless one has lots of time and money. Here is an interesting exam-

ple: a student came to me the other day to learn Sevillanas. Now, I personally do not play Sevillanas because I do not have enough material memorized to make Sevillanas interesting enough for a guitar solo. This student was completely against note reading, so he paid me to sit there for an hour trying to learn one single falsetta by rote while I, who had never played Sevillanas, read the falsettas directly from a Flamenco book. It is true that the rasgueados cannot be notated properly and that some songs such as Seguidillas are almost impossible to notate; but most variations are now well recorded on paper, and the student who ignores reading music is simply delaying his progress. In a nut shell, to play Flamenco well, do cultivate some of the better facets of gypsy philosophy such as: do not worry, do not hurry, accept everything with an easy-going attitude -- let go. But for goodness sake, do not discontinue reading the newspapers or this magazine, for example, just because the Flamencos do not have the opportunity to study music.

In ending, a parable: A pitch can be in sympathy with another pitch and yet be in a much higher frequency than the former. #

B HOLY MODAL I THER

by Peter Stampfel



Blind Cripple Lush. People say, "Ever hear of Blind Cripple Lush?," and I say, "Sure." There was a man. Carried his guitar in a gunny sack. He was real. Why, me and blind cripple used to hitchhike and drink wine in low places and whistle at girls, eat soda crackers, sleep on the ground.

"Lush," I asked him, "what do you think of all those commercial people who go around wear ing madras bermuda shorts and driving motorscooters, and they play folk music, huh, Lush?"

He stared at a girl at the end of the bar and picked his nose.

"They suck," he replied evenly. Then he went to the bathroom to throw up. He knew how to be humble.

He wasn't too proud to ask. He used to go up to, you know, those guys in their, you know, suits and ties, and say, "Buddy, can you spare a dime?" And they'd look at him, and a couple of times I saw him get a quarter. Then he'd buy some more wine. He was infested with vermin a lot, but, hell, aren't we all in some way or other, you know what I mean.

Blind Cripple was a folksinger's folksinger.

by Bruce Jackson

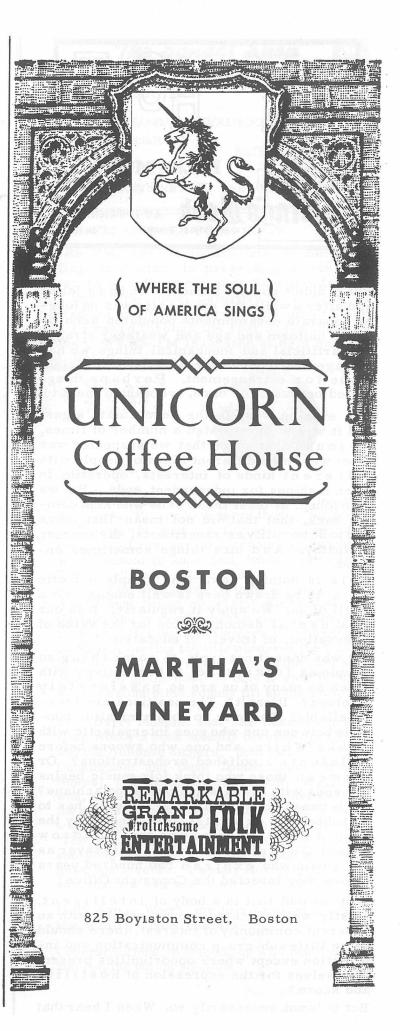
It is indeed flattering that Bruce Jackson, sociologist, Harvard instructor, and contributor to national folk and music publications, was incited by a recent column of ours to submit the following commentary:)

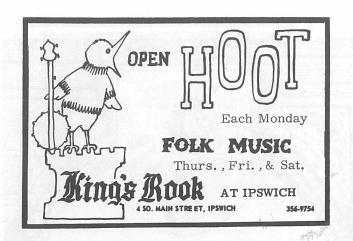
I suppose that city folksingers do more bitching per cubic fretload about degradation than any other genre of hobbyist anywhere. The assault against folksingers is mounted from all angles. There are the \$\$men trying to gobble up whatever is around to be gobbled (read: these days there's money in folk music if you play your cards -- not right or wrong just play them and it comes). There are friends who either point out how anti-intellectual one is being or smile politely and make like it's not really happening, the same way they treat an errant teenager before her mother whisks her off the popular front. As if that weren't bad enough and tough enough, there are the internal difficulties; there are so many brands of Cool around that would have to be either indifferent or a polyphased schizophrenic to get by in comfort in more than one location.

Let me digress with what isn't really a digression but a ruse. About ten years ago, I used to meet with friends on a Memphis streetcorner; and we would stand and watch the world go by, focusing on one half of it, We would spend the evenings in various kinds of fantastic speculation that invariably came to nothing more than the subdued growls we saved for the trip back to the base. We learned to dislike everyone; the sailors who were so numerous, the citylads home from college for the summer in pretty cars, the girls who spurned us, the keepers of the cheap bars who depended on us, the officers who oversaw us, one another. Then something rather odd--it seemed odd at the time--happened; the Marine regiment received a blanket invitation to a weekend sponsored by an organization in town (the affiliation doesn't matter). Many of us went, not because we were interested, but because there was nothing else to do but stand on that streetcorner and watch the futility tango.

There was a surprise. We had expected little shriveled ladies who were being nice to the poor Marines, but all kinds of people were there: swabbies, the college crowd, girls our own age, middle-aged couples. Cases of beer were piled against a wall and as the evening got hotter and mosquitoes got braver, the piles got smaller and I waited for the inevitable clown to blow up with a bottle or chair and turn the whole place into an uproar. It was that kind of world we lived in in those days.

continued next page





But it didn't come. Somehow things jelled and after a while the great patio was no longer separate encampments populated according to uniform and age and whatever strange and artificial and mechanical things we had managed to convince ourselves was sufficient cause for estrangement. Perhaps things jelled because, for once, we wanted them to.

The evening was, in the vernacular, a gas, and it was to be repeated a number of times. We found that much that we suspected was true; we were different kinds of people with different kinds of interests, operating in alien fashions for independent ends. But we also found, at least those of us who kept coming back, that that did not mean that there had to be hostility, estrangements, disinterest, antipathy. And nice things sometimes ensued.

This is nothing new. The simple didactic moral to be drawn here is well enough known to all of us. We apply it regularly. It is our most useful demonstration for the value of integration, of travel, of education.

But why does it not apply to something so simple as folkmusic, to this activity with which so many of us are so passionately involved? It can't? The positions are irreconcilable? There is no communication possible between one who goes intergalactic with Bukka White, and one who swoons before Belafonte's polished orchestrations? Or between those who think folk music begins and ends with the Mississippi Appalachians? Or between those who say a folksong has to be rubbed Rockport-stone smooth by the wash of time, and those who say Woodrow Wilson Guthrie is as valid a folk-sayer as any rustic who expired two hundred years before they invented the Copyright Office?

Is it not odd that in a body of intelligent, mostly well-educated, young people with an apparent community of interest, there should be so little sub-group communication and interaction except where opportunities present themselves for the expression of hostility and scorn?

But it is not necessarily so. When I hear that

it can't be done, I think of the Gary water fountains. A number of years ago there was a labor dispute at one of the steel mills in Gary, Indiana. Most of the laborers were immigrants from the deep South who had moved north in the hope of finding employment. Some of the white workers refused to drink out of the same water fountains as the Negroes. They threatened to quit if two sets of fountains were not installed in every shop. The company considered the cost of installing an extra 600 water fountains, the cost of maintaining them, the cost of the space they would take up. The reply was: "So quit." No one did. Everyone drinks water there now. Cool.

A more germane example: A few years ago a folksong club was organized at the University of Illinois. The various elements working were a citybilly's nightmare. Everything from those only a hair out of the Popular section of Schwann's to the esoterics so far out that what they dug was not only not available on record, but it never had been. Archie Green, the faculty adviser, hovered and advised and occasionally arbritated; but in general, he let things hit up against one another and work themselves out. They did. The organization is now one of the largest of its kind. It has a regular publication -- The Autoharp -- that not only details club activities, but reviews records, asks questions, tries to answer some. They have put out two LP records, Philo, Glee, and Mandoline Society (a campus country music group) and Green Fields of Illinois (field recordings made in southern Illinois by club members); a third, Songs by an Itinerant Cowboy, should be out just about now. The first two were excellent, with copious notes and commentary far more extensive than could have been conveniently supplied by a commercial record publisher. The club has sponsored numerous concerts in direct response to the interests of the club members (Flatt & Scruggs, Jean Redpath, New Lost City Ramblers, etc). There are regular hoots that play to audiences numbering in the hundreds. Guitar and banjo workshops, visiting lecturers (B. A. Botkin was there not long ago) are also regular features.

That audience did not just grow, Topsy-like, it was cultivated and developed. The potential is here also. Think what could be done in Boston, where there is so much talent and money available (don't knock money even though it is a fashionable thing to do in all levels of urban folkniking. It is the thing that can make the good times roll. It is not necessary, but neither is it necessarily painful). There is no need to reconcile the factions and interests; simply introducing them to one another might be sufficient. There might be much profit in getting them to use one another. Such usury cannot but result in mutual good.

UNICORNOPENS AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD

The Unicorn Coffeehouse of Boston has announced the opening of a summer establishment on Martha's Vineyard - which will also be called the Unicorn. Operating in the settlement of Vineyard Haven, the Unicorn will feature top folk talent throughout the season. For complete schedule, check the "And Coffee Too" page.

ED McCURDY AT KING'S ROOK

The atmosphere of tradition which is so much a part of the King's Rook decor will be further enhanced on the nights of July 17, 18, & 19, when Ed McCurdy, well known for his recordings of Elizabethan ribaldry and balladry, will make one of his few recent appearances in this area. The deep voiced singer is also the author of one of the idiom's most widely sung songs, "Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream."

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HARVARD SQUARE

WERS-FM OFFERS FOLK SHOW

WERS-FM, the radio affiliate of Emerson College in Boston, is presenting a one hour program of folk music each Saturday from 5 to 6 pm. The show, Saturday Folk Fest, is hosted by various Emerson announcers and will be heard through the rest of the summer season. WERS-FM is located at 88.4 on your FM dial.

PEAR BROADSFRE

Dear Broadside:

The Berkeley festival was a howler, both money wise and attendance. The concerts were capacity, the work shops drew hundreds of buffs. I would say that the best loved of all the performers were Mississippi John, Doc Watson and Joan Baez. Of course, the ever popular Sam Hinton who Mc'd the festivities, is so well known and liked that we accept him as one of the family out here.

Joan was at her best, relaxed, exuberant, and sang her heart out. She was available to the kids for questions and comments. John Hurt soon won all our hearts with his sincerity and integrity. A nice man. It was really something to see Doc Watson, Sam Hinton, Mississippi John, The Ramblers in various parts of the campus playing and sitting in with the kids. Nice touch.

Archie Green was a breath of fresh air. He was busy demolishing the ivory towers that some of our folk music scholars live in. He insists that it's time that the scholars and professors come down, and stand up and be counted with the kids of today. And we agree out here. Take a stand, get in line, is what he was saying, in effect. And the way the kids accepted this premise, is an indication that they were looking for some of the high brows to get off the crockery.

It was evident that the anti war and anti segregation songs were the real meat of the sessions. All in all a satisfying festival. AND exceedingly well run. Barry Olivier is a good operator and all the events ran with precision and ON TIME!

Sincerely, Jack R. Rubin Songmakers of California



Dear Dave -

Many thanks for your sentences in your issue this week. I'll try to deserve them. But my main reason for writing is to give you a copy of something I ran over 20 years ago. You might be interested to know that 'chestnuts' like "sixpence" were introduced to U.S. Army Airforce by RAF pilots training here in 1940. And 'Johnny fill up my glass' was probably the best known version of that tune in USA in the first half of the 19th Century. All the song books keep quoting the title whenever the tune is used for other lyrics - 'sing to the tune of Johnny fill up the bowl' -- only it was 'We'll all drink stone blind, Johnny fill up the bowl."

Tell Barry Mushlin that this famous quote from Woody's book actually occurred to him and the Almanac Singers, then including Sis Cunningham and Bess Lomax (later Bess Hawes), Mill Lampell, and myself. Mill, it was, made up the verse "At the Rainbow Room the soup's on to boil; they're stirring the salad with Standard Oil". Someone else made up 'The rainbow room is mighty high; you can see John D aflying by.' But Woody had the most poetic verse: 'It's sixty stories high they say; that's a long way down to the USA'.

Don't blame Woody for leaving us out. He was writing a book, not a history.

Congratulations on keeping up with deadlines and coming out on schedule.

Best wishes, Pete Seeger

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REV. GARY DAVIS

BONNIE DOBSON

JACK ELLIOTT

JOHNNY HAMMOND

Jim Kweskin & The JUG BAND

FLATT & SCRUGGS AND

The Foggy Mountain Boys

THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS

JEAN REDPATH

TONY SALETAN

PETE SEEGER

JACKIE WASHINGTON

CALL OR WRITE

FOR BROCHURES AND AVAILABILITIES ABOUT THESE AND OTHER FOLKSINGERS



Manuel Greenhill, mgr. / Arthur Gabel, assoc.

KING'S ROOK PRESENTS SIMON SISTERS

The Simon Sisters, who have appeared on network TV, recorded for Kapp records, and performed at New York's Bitter End, will be singing at the King's Rook in Ipswich on the weekend of July 31st, August 1st and 2nd. Lucy and Carly Simon will be making their debut in this area, although they have worked other Massachusetts clubs including the Mooncusser on Martha's Vineyard, and the Seven Hills in Lenox.

BILL KEITH JOINS KWESKIN JUG BAND

Jim Kweskin has announced that Bill Keith has been made a regular member of the Kweskin Jug Band. Bill is well known to Boston audiences who remember him from his days with Jim Rooney, and the Beacon Hillbillies, and his winning of the Banjo contest at the Philadelphia Folk Festival. Nat 'l audiences know Bill as Brad Keith of Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys.

JESSE COLIN YOUNG RETURNS TO CLUB 47

The Club 47 will present a return engagement of Jesse Colin Young, Capitol Records artist, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, July 27 & 28. The Blues and Country stylings of Jesse have become quite popular among folk fans in this area since his appearance at the Club 47 this Spring.

SON HOUSE TODAY

Son is 62 years old. He was born in Clarkslale, Mississippi. His full name is Eddie James House, Jr. He remembers the old days quite clearly and, it would seem, quite accurately. He worked in Mississippi as a tractor driver. When he left Mississippi, he worked as a railroad porter and a cook.

Although out of practice since we first saw him, Son's guitar quickly came back to him. His voice is virtually unchanged compared to his early recordings. The type of music he plays and the style in which he plays it are also unchanged. He remains one of the four or five greatest bluesmenin recorded history.

Son will be appearing at the Newport Folk Festival. He is currently scheduled for the Blues Workshop and the Sunday afternoon concert.

Phil Spiro

KING'S ROOK HONDA OPENS IN BEVERLY

Coffeehousedom's answer to the sprawling Playboy empire, King's Rook enterprises, has moved into a new area with the opening of King's Rook Honda, motorcycle sales and repairs, at 277 Rantoul Street in Beverly. To date, there have been no reports of Howard Ferguson being mistaken for Hugh Heffner, but currently many ears have been cocked for such rumors. BROADSIDE extends its best wishes for success to the King's Rook on its new enterprise.

TURK'S HEAD ANNOUNCES EXPANSION

The Turk's Head Coffeehouse, 71 ½ Charles Street in Boston, has announced that construction will begin this week which will result in doubling the size of their present facilities. Concurrent with the completion of the new room will be the opening of the outdoor patio to customers. The patio will operate only during the early evening.

BROADSIDE TO INTRODUCE NEW FEATURE

Due to a number of letters and calls BROAD-SIDE has received from unhappy readers who feel that they have been poorly treated by various establishments about town (the majority of complaints are the products of misunderstandings on one or both sides), a new feature is planned for these pages. It is hoped that this column will go a long way towards clearing up those misunderstandings.

When a letter of complaint is received, it will be forwarded to the other party involved, and a copy of the letter will be printed without the name of that party in BROADSIDE. Along with the letter will be printed a reply, which we hope will add to the mutual understanding of the whole folk community.



Dear Broadside Reader:

Aside from purely artistic considerations in the folk music field we thought you people would be interested in capsule comment concerning the material elements of the art. This is the dollars and cents side of the picture, important to you, and the hectic basis of our daily bread.

Guitars - beginners and/or low-priced. The general shortage here is over, in fact we have been literally deluged by suppliers. However, reasonable construction and proper regulation of the instruments are lacking. Perhaps we're over fussy but we believe in encouraging the beginner. Therefore we stock only those instruments which offer you your money's worth. Our "Crown" classic guitar at \$35.00 as example is outstanding.

Guitars - quality; top-grade. Severe shortages still exist with lengthy waiting periods before delivery. We generally have wanted models in stock of GIBSON, GUILD, EPIPHONE, FRAMUS, GOYA and others. Our ordering system anticipates shortages and although not totally efficient (this would require a crystal ball!) we have a good selection.

Guitars - MARTIN. One of the finest and certainly the make that coined the word shortage; WE HAVE MARTINS! And most models too! Regular monthly shipments (!) replenish our shelves and enable you to try - and to buy, this almost legendary instrument.

Guitars - used. supply is extremely short but reflect most appealing prices - when we have them...

Service. All instruments sold by us are serviced by us to your specification, at no charge. No limitation on service calls to to the original purchaser. This applies only to action regulation and neck adjustment. Major faults occasioned by flaws in workmanship and materials are covered by factory warranties.

Odds and Ends. We have strings of all makes plus our ewn well-appreciated "Custom-Craft", repair parts (drawer-loads) dulcimers, auteharps, harmonicas, straps, capes, music collections and methods. thingamabobs, gidgets, etc., etc.

**** We endeavor to offer prices which are realistic and competative. We invite try-outs, your queries, and your interest. No reply necessary - just drop in...anytime



AND COFFEE TOO



THE KING'S ROOK

July 17 ED

18 MC

19 CURDY

20 Hoot & Auditions

Jazz in the Evening

Dusty Rhodes & Sandy

Denise Kennedy

Mike Cooney

Mike Cooney

Mike Cooney

Hoot & Auditions

Jazz in the Evening

The Loblollies

Mike Cooney

THE SIMON 31

SIMON 1 Aug

SISTERS

3 Hoot & Auditions

Jazz in the Evening

The Folklores



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July 17-27 JUAN SERRANO BROTHER JOHN SELLERS

July 28-Aug 10 THE GRANDISON SINGERS

BOAR'S HEAD - Kennebunk, Maine

Denise Kennedy July 17-19 July 21-26 Ed Freeman July 28-Aug 2 Sue Hoover

Aug 4-9 Mike Cooney

18 Michael Cooney No Entertainment

July 17 Michael Comey

Jack Grant 20

THE ORLEANS

Carrol Gordon 21

Bob Gahtan

John Rowlingson

Ben Robinson

To Be Announced

No Entertainment

Tex Konig

Jack Grant 28

John Rowlingson

30 Carrol Gordon

Michael Cooney 31

Aug 1 Michael Cooney

2 No Entertainment

Tex Konig

4 Ben'Robinson

5 Bob Gahtan

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Fri Dave Briggs

Flamenco Tex König Sat

Folksongs Joel & Sandra Sun

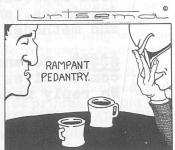
Lute & Soprano

the freehies









THE UNICORN-BOSTON

July 17-19

THE KENTUCKY COLONELS

July 20-26

SON HOUSE

July 27-Aug 9

JESSE FULLER

THE UNICORN MARTHA'S VINEYARD

July 17-19

REV. GARY DAVIS

July 20-26

BONNIE DOBSON

July 27-Aug 2

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July 17 Chas. Riv. Valley Boys

18 SANDY BULL & Bobby Neuwirth

19 Hoot w/Jerry Corbett

20 MIKE

21 SEEGER

22 Chas. Riv. Valley Boys

23 Tim Hardin

24 Taj Mahal

25 Lisa Kindred & Jerry Corbett

26 Hoot w/Ray Pong

27 JESSE

28 COLIN YOUNG

29 SPIDER JOHN KOERNER

30 & LITTLE SUN GLOVER

31 Chas. Riv. Valley Boys

THE MOONCUSSER MARTHA'S VINEYARD

July 17-19

New Strangers

Eric Andersen

July 21-26

Jose Feliciano Simon Sisters

July 28-Aug 2

The Country Gentlemen

Phil Ochs

Aug 4 - 9

The Country Gentlemen Jerry Corbitt

THE LOFT

July 17 Zola

18 Zola

20 Hoot

21 Toni Carroll

22 Mike Cooney

23 Steve Koretz

24 Cook County Squires

25 Zola

27 Hoot

28 Mel Lyman O'Rooney

29 Mike Cooney

30 Steve Koretz

31 Denise Kennedy

Aug

1 Zola 3 Hoot

4 Mel Lyman O'Rooney

5 Mike Cooney

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SCHEDULES printed in BROADSIDE are as given to us by the clubs. We are not, can not be responsible for changes made by the clubs



FESTIVAL MOTEOR - MRODINU NEWPORT FOLK

Thursday-July 23, 1964

8:00 P.M.-CONCERT OF TRADITIONAL MUSIC

Cajun Band. Elizabeth Cotten. Jimmie Driftwood. Seamus Ennis. Elgia Hickock. Hindman Settlement School Dancers. Mississippi John Hurt. Nova Scotia Singers. Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers. Fred McDowell. Moving Star Hall Singers. Glenn Ohrlin. Chet Parker. Joe Patterson. Phipps Family. Doc Reese. Almeda Riddle. Sacred Harp Singers. Dewey Shepherd. Hobart Smith. Stanley Brothers. Bill Thatcher. Muddy Waters. Watson Family with Doc Watson.

Friday-July 24, 1964

WORKSHOPS

10 A.M.-SINGING STYLES AUTOHARP AND DULCIMER.

1:30 P.M.—BROADSIDES (Topical Songs) **GUITAR WORKSHOP** FILMS

3:30 P.M.-FREEDOM SONGS BANJO WORKSHOP Friday-July 24, 1964

8:00 P.M.-EVENING CONCERT

Joan Baez Johnny Cash

Cajun Band

Sleepy John Estes with Hammy Nixon and Yank Rachel

Greenbriar Boys

Fred and Annie Mae McDowell

Clayton Pappy McMichen

Chad Mitchell Trio

Moving Star Hall Singers

Phil Ochs

The Watson Family with Doc Watson

Kaupena Wong and Noelani Mahoe

Saturday-July 25, 1964

WORKSHOPS

10 A.M.-STRING BANDS

INTERNATIONAL SONGS

11:30 A.M.-NEGRO GROUP SINGING AND RHYTHMIC PATTERNS

1:30 P.M.-PLAY PARTY

BLUES

FIDDLE WORKSHOP

3:30 P.M.-TRADITIONAL DANCE

COUNTRY MUSIC

Saturday-July 25, 1964

8:00 P.M.-EVENING CONCERT

Theo Bikel Blue Ridge Mountain Dancers Judy Collins Seamus Ennis

Jesse Fuller Osborne Brothers Peter, Paul and Mary Phipps Family Frank Profitt

Rodriguez Brothers Swan Silvertones Robert Pete Williams

Sunday-July 26, 1964

WORKSHOPS

10:00 A.M.-CONCERT OF RELIGIOUS MUSIC

1:30 P.M.-ACADEMIC WORKSHOP

2:30 P.M.-CONCERT OF NEW TALENT

8:00 P.M.-EVENING CONCERT

Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem Bob Dylan Cousin Emmy with Guy Carawan Freedom Singers

Mississippi John Hurt Kentucky Colonels

Odetta Pete Seeger Stanley Brothers

Staple Singers Dave Van Ronk and His Jug Band

OTHER PERFORMERS SCHEDULED

Hedy West

Programs Subject To Change

DIRECTORS

Theodore Bikel Clarence Cooper Ronnie Gilbert Alan Lomax Mike Seeger Jean Ritchie Peter Yarrow

CHAIRMAN

PANEL OF FOLKLORISTS

Sam Bayard Willis James Charles Seeger D. K. Wilgus

FILMS

Paul Nelson

TALENT COORDINATOR

Ralph Rinzler

Ken and Neriah Benfield Paul Cadwell

Len Chandler

Hamsa El Din Ron Eliran

Jose Feliciano

Ronnie Gilbert

Sara Gunning Son House

Skip James

Bill Keith

Koerner, Ray, and Glover Jim Kweskin Jug Band

Tom Paxton

Malvina Reynolds

Ralph Rinzler

Judy Roderick Buffy Ste. Marie

Otis Spann

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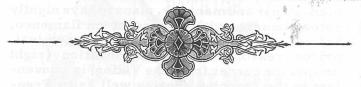
the guitar

the artists index

the newport folk festival



NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL



AT THE BROADSIDE BOOTH

BROADSIDES AT NEWPORT

Pete Seeger, recently returned from a world tour, will act as host at the Friday afternoon workshop dealing with broadsides at the '64 Newport Folk Festival. This workshop will have the broadest scope both historically and geographically of any on the program.

Seeger himself can reach into his vast repertoire and pull out some of the finest examples of British and early American broadside ballads as can Hedy West (who is returning from England for the Festival). The renowned Irish musician and folklorist Seamis Ennis, appearing in the U.S. for the first time, comes from a singing tradition which boasts one of the richest collections of topical material, much of it aimed at the oppressive British rule to which the country had been subjected for cen-

turies. The American mountain singer continued the broadside tradition which his forebears had brought from the old world. Sarah Gunning, daughter of a minister who was a well-known singer and labor organizer, Jimmy Driftwood whose "Battle of New Orleans" will stand as perhaps the most popular broadside written in our century, Frank Proffitt whose version of "Tom Dooley" provided raw material for the Kingston Trio's first "hit" will represent the mountain singers of Kentucky, Arkansas and North Carolina, respectively. Michigan logger and singer Bill Thatcher will surely sing one of the "Come-all-ye" ballads for which the American lumber jack profession is well noted, and Afro-Cuban singers Arsenio and Quique Rodriguez will provide Spanish language songs which they have written.

Johnny Cash, perhaps the best known of the country music writers and singers of broadsides, will have as his urban counterparts Bob Dylan, Len Chandler, Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs and Malvina Reynolds, while the Chad Mitchell Trio will round out the sound adding harmonies in their own renditions of current broadside material.

BLUES AT NEWPORT

The blues ain't nothin' but a good man feelin' bad, if you want to take a back country blues singer's definition of the song form, which critics and scholars agree is America's principal contribution to world folk music.

The birth and background of the blues will be explored in a portion of the Thursday night concert of the '64 Newport Folk Festival, when folklorist Alan Lomax will weave the tapestry of American Folksong history, using a cast of forty performers from all corners of the U.S. The roots of the blues will be presented through the performances of Afro-Cuban and Afro-American performers, some singing in African dialect the chants and hollers of their forebears.

Less primitive forms will be presented by top singers in the field: Mississippi John Hurt, Robert "Pete" Williams, Sleepy John Estes and his jug band, and Fred McDowell among them. Finally, the beginnings of "Rhythm and Blues" will be found in the music of Muddy Waters and Otis Spann. When Alan Lomax first recorded Muddy Waters for the Library of Congress about 25 years ago (under his Christian name, McKinley Morganfield), it was impossible to foresee the influence that the rhythms and harmonies of this Mississippi farm worker would have on the fields of commercial pop and folk music.

Evening concerts on Friday, Saturday and Sunday will provide an opportunity for the audiences to hear a wider range of the repertoires of "Sleepy" John Estes and his jug band, Fred McDowell and his wife, Robert "Pete" Williams, Mississippi John Hurt and modern interpreters of the blues: Odetta and Dave Van Ronk and Jug Band. Afternoon workshops and Sunday afternoon concert will feature Southern Mountain "White blues" singer, Hobart Smith; backwoods Alabama singer and guitar picker, Willy Doss; John Hurt; the McDowells and "Pete" Williams; as well as young city performers who have taken up the old singing styles: Koerner, Ray and Glover and also Judy Roderick. A surprise addition to the already published list of performers is Son House, who was recorded in the early forties, disappeared, and was rediscovered in late June of this year.

Sorry:
We won't be able to be with you at Newport but you will find us at 198 Oxford St.

Lynn 3-4450 ready to serve all your needs.

Jimmy Mosher Music

BOSTON PERFORMERS AT NEWPORT

Jim Kweskin and the Jug Band will represent this area at the Sunday Afternoon Concert at the Newport Folk Festival. The Jug Band includes Jim Kweskin, who organized the group, Geoff Muldaur (Geoff, incidentally, has a solo album out on Prestige - "Sleepy Man Blues"), Fritz Richmond (last year's house bass (as in washtub) player at the Festival and also bass player on more records than we could list), Mel Lyman, and Maria D'Amato (who was formerly with the Even Dozen Jug Band).

Another performer whose roots are in this area and who will be appearing at the Festival this year is Buffy Saint-Marie. Buffy is currently being touted as the top female topical song writer and is the author of "Now That The Buffalo Have Gone," "The Universal Soldier," and "Codine." Buffy also records for Vanguard.

Leading the Banjo workshop, which will be on Friday afternoon at 3:30, will be Bill Keith, Boston's Baroque Banjoist and who, along with Earl Scruggs, has invented a new and better Scrugg's banjo peg. Bill just recently joined up with the Jug Band and will also appear with them at the Sunday afternoon concert.

Since Pete Childs is currently touring as Odetta's accompanist, it is assumed that he will also appear with her at Newport.

COFFEE HOUSE OPENS IN NEWPORT

After years of playing host to some of folkdom's greatest entertainers, Newport finally has a folk music coffeehouse all its own. The Ballad Room at 10 Catherine Street will function as a year round gathering place for folk enthusiasts and local residents in search of a quiet, comfortable spot to while away a couple of hours over a cup of coffee. The decor is clean and modern, the atmosphere is intimate, and the bill of fare is more than adequate, ranging from hot dogs and roast beef sandwiches to Italian pastries and lahmejune - all prepared, by the way, by a chef resplendent in white uniform and chef's hat. Kirk Wasserman, owner and manager, plans to have nightly entertainment, with the accent on flamenco, ballads, and blues. Admission is nominal, prices reasonable, and the location (right around the corner from the Viking) is convenient to the shopping area as well as to Freebody Park.

SPIDER, LITTLE SUN AT CLUB 47

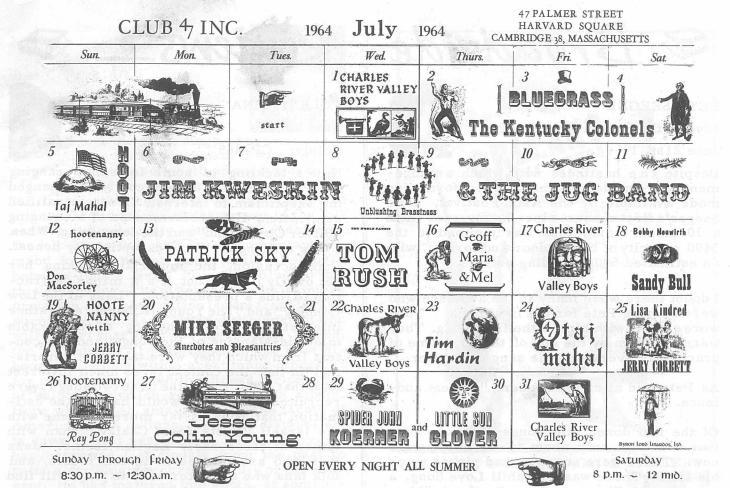
Spider John Koerner and Little Sun Glover will perform at Club 47 on Wednesday and Thursday nights, July 29th and 30th. Dave "Snaker" Ray will not be with them during this engagement. Since the release of their album on the Elektra label, "Blues, Rags, and Hollers," and their appearance at the Philadelphia Folk Festival last summer, they have become easily the most acclaimed of the newer Blues singers. A new album, "Lots More Blues, Rags, and Hollers," has just been released.

SON HOUSE - A MUSICAL ANALYSIS

Son House ranks among the four or five greatest country bluesmen ever to have recorded, choose your own order - Robert Johnson, Son House, Skip James, Charlie Patton, and Booker White.

Though unequalled in depth, Son displays none of guitar pyrotechnics that so often characterize the work of the others. His guitar parts are totally worked out, with little improvisation. While this reduces spontaneity, it allows him to achieve a sustained intensity, virtually unmatched in blues. Listen to "My Black Mama" on Origin Jazz Library's Really the Country Blues for an excellent example of this technique; the accompaniment is unchanged throughout the piece, with demonstrations of some of the finest damping and bottleneck ever recorded.

Son's blues are most noteworthy in his singing. He has what is probably, in terms of range and resonance, the best "natural" blues voice of any of the great bluesmen. Relying more upon selection of notes than upon tonal color, his singing invariably presents exciting rhythms and melodic ideas.



DOCK BOGGS

When Mike Seeger drove into Eolia, Kentucky, on June 12, 1963, he had been looking for Dock Boggs for several years. So had many other folk collectors, including Alan Lomax and Charles Seeger, in the years gone by. The only person whom Mike Seeger knew who had seen Boggs was Roscoe Holcomb, "around 1930." To his amazement, the Eolia Post Office matter-of-factly directed Seeger to Hemphill, Kentucky, and there three men pointed the way to Norton, Virginia, a few miles away. In Norton, Seeger (ironically) found Boggs' name listed in the telephone dir-Their meeting 'was one of mutual disbelief: we couldn't believe that this was THE Dock Boggs and he, though he was pleased someone remembered his records was not certain what I was up to. '

Boggs' fame rests upon a few 78's released in the late 1920's on the old Brunswick label, one of which Lomax put on an anthology for Brunswick in the post-war 40's, two more of which appear on the Folkways Anthology, edited by Harry Smith in 1952. Why a reputation so high that for all of these years he was sought after by so many folk musicologists? No one, no one anywhere, plays the banjo and sings like Dock Boggs. His style is so unique that Folkways (for the first time, I believe) issued two booklets with their new album, the second a supplement written by Ralph Rinzler,

elucidating the Boggs method: '...while the voice is active the banjo does little more than support it by following the melodic line. Although it would seem a simple thing to play the tune while singing it, this technique, as most banjo pickers will agree, requires far better knowledge of the fingerboard, greater digital control and more precision than the usual types of accompaniment...'

Dock Boggs style is heard nowhere else in folk music. He developed his 'plucked finger method' from a group of Negro minstrels he heard just once, when he was nine or tenyears old. Although several years lapsed before it left such a strong impression in his mind that he set out to, and successfully, used it for his own style.

Since he recorded in the late 20's, Boggs has worked in Kentucky, West Virginia and Virginia, mining coal, laying railroad tracks and driving a laundry truck. At the age of 56, (in 1954), he retired to Norton, Virginia. After Mike Seeger's rediscovery of this great artist, Boggs has performed at the American Folk Festival in Asheville, North Carolina, Newport, Cambridge's Club 47, and the Univ, of Chicago's Folk Festival. Folkways has just released the first of two albums: Dock Boggs: Legendary Singer and Banjo Player. The album is one of the finest in the entire Folkways collection.

art silbergeld



Broadside

PETE SEEGER

Live at the Boston Arts Festival June 21st, 1964



Despite the hastiness with which arrangements were made, and the lack of information made available by the Arts Festival, Pete Seeger's first concert since he returned from a 10 month world tour was jammed to the 5400 capacity of the outdoor auditorium, with an estimated 5000 standing outside.

I doubt there were many in the audience who were hearing Pete for the first time. were singing with him on the first song. They were with him by the end of the first line of practically every song he sang thereafter.

As Pete said after the concert, "a great audience. "

Of the two dozen plus songs which he sang that evening, only about a half dozen were new. These were songs he had picked up on his trip. There was a Swahili Love Song, a new Matt McGinn song from Scotland, "Manure Man-ya," a Welsh melody he played on the flute, "Au Cullen," and a bawdy farewell song, "The Holy Ground," among them.

He performed some of the numbers which have become legend due to his singing, including Sacco's last letter to his son, which may also be heard on the Folkways recording of Woody Guthrie songs of Sacco and Vanzetti.

If I was disappointed about anything during the concert, it was the omission of a representation of the songs of the new American writers. I suppose this is because I have become used to Pete's espousal of these songs and expected to hear some new ones. But of course there was only so much time and only so many songs which could be fitted into the time.

On stage, Pete looked very tired, as well he might be after his trip. His voice appeared to be weaker than we had remembered it to be, and we automatically chalked that up to overuse. The audience, however, was not about to worry about that. Their only concern seemed to be that at last they could share an evening of singing with one of the musicians they respected most, and they were bound and determined to let Pete know how happy they were to have him back. I'm not sure that there is much more for which any performer

dave wilson

Reviews.



FOLKSY NINA

Nina Simone

CP-465 Colpix



Nina's tackling of some folksongs ranging from Leadbelly to John Jacob Niles changed my skepticism to interest, if not unqualified admiration. Her performances of a swinging "Silver City Bound" and the despairing "When I Was a Young Girl" are exceptionally honest. Upon occasion, the musicians backing her get overly ornate; but it's a minor destraction to Nina's presentation. "Lass of the Low Country" and "The Young (K) Night" are rather interesting pieces, showing a remarkable misunderstanding of the songs; and the context from which they were taken, not surprising, in that the context is so much different than that from which the first two songs were recruited. In fact, I would hazard the estimation that Nina is far more at home with the Israeli "Erets Zavat Chalav," than with either of these early English forms. Jazz fans who are interested in folk music, and folk fans who are interested in jazz, will find something of interest here.

THE AUTHENTIC JAMAICA SKA

AMY-8002-M Amy Records

Here is a curious disc, which is much more fun to listen to than it is to evaluate. Whether the Ska is a new dance craze which is sweeping the island of Jamaica or not is beside the point. Anyone who has listened to Folkways record "Instrumental Music of the Bahamas," will see a number of musical connections. Prince Buster steals the show with a number of original songs, which include: "30 Pieces of Silver," "Tongue Will Tell," "Time Longer Than Rope," "They Got to Go," and "Everybody Ska." Jimmy Cliff is my second favorite, doing "King of Kings" and "One-eyed Jacks." Perhaps the strangest of all the artists represented on this anthology are the Richards Brothers, who, believe it or not, show the influence of what seems to be American Country and Western music on the music of the islands. The fourth artist on the album, Carlos Malcom, impresses us as a Jamaican Lawrence Welk. Listeners with a penchant for Caribbean music, including calypso, will find this record worth owning. dave wilson

BIG CITY BLUES

John Hammond

Vanguard VRS 9153



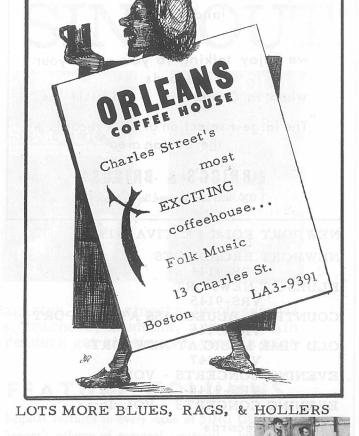
It is not just the recordings of protest songs that exhibit social awareness. From the Pop Art - motorcycle set photo on the cover to the electronically amplified rhythm and blues on the inside, this record is as much aware of and a reflection of our times as any in the folk catalog. A relatively long time (considering the folk-blues fad, with its concommitant demand for competent young wailers) elapsed between John's first, "Big City Blues," and this recording. The difference in style, interpretation and presentation is remarkable. I'm sure there are many gifted with hindsight who will assert that this was inevitable. Indeed, the ingredients are all there in the first album, but, along with a great many others. I for one, am surprised to witness the process of selectivity which resulted in this album. Here we have an amalgam of many facets of American Folk culture, from the distant Delta days to just yesterday's. John Hammond has borrowed fastidiously from the past to paint a strikingly accurate picture of the present. He has matured into youth. If someone asks you for a definition of "White city blues," play them this record.

robert i. lurtsema

NORTHERN JOURNEY Ian and Sylvia

Vanguard VRS 9154

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Tyson (they were married June 26th of this year) offer a baker's dozen of songs culled from various cultures and all treated with their own fine sense of close harmony. The recording contains originals by both Ian and Sylvia - songs from this country, and, of course, from Canada. There is a wealth of Canadian counterparts of Anglo-American ballads and even a negro gospel number. In addition to their own capable string work (Sylvia plays autoharp, and Ian has developed into a very competent 6- and 12-string guitarist), John Herald provides some excellent guitar accompaniment. Monte Dunn is heard on mandolin and guitar, and Russ Savakus and Eric Weissberg alternate on bass. But the high spot of the record, for me, is the unaccompanied "Texas Rangers," which really sounds like Ian and Sylvia with all stops out. If you're an Ian and Sylvia fan, you'll like the record; if you're not, this release may help you change your mind.



John "Spider" Koerner Tony "Little Sun" Glover Dave "Snaker" Ray

Elektra EKL 267

By the time that Koerner, Glover and Ray mounted the stage at last year's Philadelphia Folk Festival, they had been preceded by a banquet of venerable, respected, competent performers who, one would think, should have sated the audience's appetite for folk music in any form. But, from the moment they first addressed that vast throng with a candor that bordered on vulgar antipathy, the audience proved their hunger for more by eating ravenously from the palms of the hands of these three musicians who, it seemed, could do no wrong. Since that time, their ability has been attested to by some of the foremost critics and a glowing future predicted by many of the most temperate seers and sages. The consummation of that prescience is right here on this, their latest release for Elektra. The five minute version of "Honey Bee" is, by itself, worth the price of the entire album. So is the original by Dave Ray, called "Fine Soft Land," which outdoes even the great Leadbelly. Also worthy of singling out are "Whomp Bom," "Fannin Street," and another Dave Ray composition, "Can't Get My Rest at Night." This is an album that will become a blues classic. Might as well get it now and enjoy it that much longer.

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BLUES AT NEWPORT VRS-9145

COUNTRY & BLUEGRASS AT NEWPORT VRS-9146

OLD TIME MUSIC AT NEWPORT VRS-9147

EVENING CONCERTS - VOL. I VRS-9148

EVENING CONCERTS - VOL. II

Vanguard Records

The Newport Folk Festival, 1963, albums are now on sale. It is my personal opinion that this timing is a little late (or early) depending on how you look at it. With very little effort, Vanguard Records could have been presenting last year's albums, day and date with this year's festival. But, if you're not opposed to "last years hits", and after hearing these albums, I'm not, I would strongly recommend Newport Folk Festival 1963.

Virtually every facet of folk music has been touched, if not in all, certainly in at least one of these six new releases. "Blues at Newport" while not wholely representative of Newport '63 (the Reverend Gary Davis segment was recorded at the '59 Festival). It is not one of the Reverend's better performances but it does serve its purpose (that of rounding out a complete blues sound). Others featured on the album include Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, John Hammond, Mississippi John Hurt in his first major appearance, John Lee Hooker and Dave Van Ronk, who does a St. James' version of "Gambler's Blues" -- and offers the jug band sound for "That Will Never Happen No More."

"Old Time Music At Newport" - an appropriate title, provides Doc Watson, Clarence (Tom) Ashley, Jenes Cottrell, Dock Boggs, a man who's been around a long time (his last record was released in 1928) Maybelle Carter and Dorsey Dixon. This album and

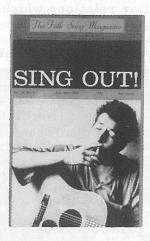
"Country Music and Bluegrass at Newport" sound much the same to me. Since most all Country Music tells of "personal experience of one sort or another, I am of the belief that the only real difference between "Old Time" and "Country" music is its age. This parti-cular album includes selections by Jim and Jesse McReynolds with the Virginia Boys The Morris Brothers - who wrote and do "Salty Dog Blues", Clarence (Tom) Ashley, Doc Watson, Clint Howard and Fred Price, who perform as a group, Mac Wiseman and the Country Boys, The New Lost City Ramb lers and Tex Logan. Keep in mind that these three albums are workshop concerts and therefore offer virtually as wide a variety of selections and styles as possible. Limited space prevents detailing each recording... but any and all are worth attention.

The Newport Series also includes a most enjoyable recording of Topical songs (often termed Protest - and perhaps better known to recent folk enthusiasts because of their current popularity). This "Broadside" album teams Bob Dylan and Pete Seeger in a protest spoof of "Playboy Clubs" and later teams Bob with Joan Baez - - singing "With God On Our Side"...in an unbelievable country style that does justice to neither of them. Tom Paxton presents two originals, 'Ramblin' Boy' and 'The Willing Conscript", and Phil Ochs (The Topical Musician) provides "The Ballad of Megar Evers" and "Talking Birmingham Jam" Others on the album are Peter LaFarge, Ed McCurdy, Jim Garland, Sam Hinton, Bob Davenport and the Freedom Singers.

The Evening Concerts are presented on two albums, Volume 1 and Volume 2, and again offer varied listening ... all enjoyable. A brief resume: Pete Seeger, demonstrating his banjo prowess with three quick selections - Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers, for Gospel - - Bob Davenport - Dave Van Ronk, Jean Redpath, Mississippi John Hurt, The Rooftop Singers, Jean Carignan, The Freedom Singers, Joan Baez and Bob Dylan, Ian and Sylvia, Jack Elliott, Sam Hinton - the unexpected teaming of Judy Collins and Theodore Bikel -- and Jackie Washington, who in my opinion is one of the most realistic folk singers appear-By this I mean Jackie the person, ing today. and Jackie the musician are one and the same. Singing or talking, he gives the impression of truly enjoying it, entertains imaginatively, and doesn't change personalities doing so.

Broadside, Blues, Old Time, Country and Bluegrass, and Evening Concerts, 1 and 2. Newport Folk Festival, 1963 -- in its entirety (6 albums worth) or one at a time.... will be welcome additions to your library. Thank you Vanguard, they're better now than never.

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Twelve to fifteen songs in each issue; folksongs, songs of other countries, new songs; with guitar chords. Among the songs which have appeared in past issues: The Hammer song, MTA, Michael Row the Boat Ashore, Peggy-O, First Time Ever I Saw Your Face, Doctor Freud, Where Have All The Flowers Gone, Water Is Wide, Wildwood Flower, etc.

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Leading scholars, performers and critics write for SING OUT. Feature articles concern folksong history, background on traditional singers, news of the folksong revival, discussions of controversial issues, etc. Among those whose articles have appeared in SING OUT are Sam Hinton, John Jacob Niles, Ruth Rubin, Alan Lomax, A. L. Lloyd, Richard Dyer-Bennett, and many others.

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SING OUT'S "Letters to the Editor" pages are among the liveliest pages in each issue. They include reader comments on every phase of the folksong world, with no holds barred.

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BOB DYLAN and

the Talking Columbia Tradition



"Thought I'd seen some ups and downs, til I come into New York town..."

Several recent attempts have been made to "place" Bob Dylan, both within the sphere of contemporary folk protest music, plus the larger sphere of his influence (if any) upon society. After dropping through a number of sand and gravel filters, the final answer remains, to my squinting eye, as still pretty much indeterminate. There are simply too many ideas coming out of and going into young Mr. Dylan's head to be gleefully nailed down, and because of this one finds people clustering in groups, eyeing both Dylan and the Other-Point- Of- View groups.

Much has been mentioned about the various sides of Dylan's talent, music, voice (?) dress, point-of-view, etc., and I do not believe it worth dragging the harbor to bring them up again. I would, however, like to examine, from a spectator's perch, one detail of the scene which I believe has been not so much ignored but completely overlooked. Namely, Dylan's relations with his father/wallet/image, Columbia Records.

A bit of fact, history, and folklore first.

Columbia records is BIG! An indisputable fact. Their "stable" of entertainers ranges over just about all of the musical talent in America, no matter the field. Second, they have quite a bit and intend to perpetuate more \$\$\$, an ambition with which no one argues, least of all Bob Dylan.

Going back some decades, we find that Columbia seems to have a habit of unintentionally stumbling onto Good Things, and then picking

up the ball from there. The original Bessie Smith race records are one example, plus lesser knowns such as the Delta Blues singer Robert Johnson, and more lately, the Lead-Belly release.

What makes the above situations unusual, though, are the peculiar relations which the company itself maintains with its performers. In short, no matter how good you are, a contract is a contract is a contract, and Columbia never forgets it, and neither do you. The point is that this attitude has remained untarnished by time and continues to the present.

All of which leads us to Mr. Dylan's doorstep.

Let us use the three Dylan albums as our criteria. The author was privileged to hear, in a Washington D.C. radio station, the first album from what was undoubtedly the very first pressing. The great surprise (besides the singing tone) came while reading the liner notes. Quite a blurb was given about the recording session during which apparently Dylan and the Columbia execs eyed each other rather warily, not quite knowing what to make of the scene. Eventually, of course, the record was pressed and thrown into the Columbia public-relations hopper from which it emerged with much fanfare. When the album did start selling, the notes were changed, and very quickly, to fit quite another tune.

Now, with Columbia nudging constantly, Dylan's two other albums have come forth rather quickly, each differing from the other considerably. The result? I see a straight line progression, perhaps two really. First, Dylan's technical proficiency (he has some!) has seemed to dissipate more and more with Compare the first and third each new cut. albums - runs to strums. Second, and more important, as both Dylan and Columbia (especially C.) enhance the Dylan "legend", I see Mr. Dylan unknowingly being backed into a corner. First album-mostly traditional songs. Second album-an even mixture. Third albumall new songs - and not too well delivered, either. So, we arrive at the present and ask, "Quo Vadis, Pastures of Plenty?"

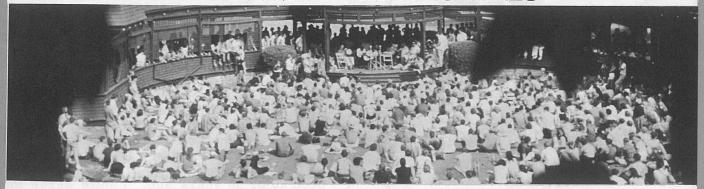
The answer will be an interesting one for sure. On one hand, we have Bob Dylan now firmly established as a "new force" and with plenty of Columbia backing. On the other hand, we see Columbia demanding more and more with quality becoming questionable. I would end by (1) raising the storm warnings from Eastport to New York about stereotype and (2) by asking what attitude would appear NOW if Bob Dylan reverted to some of the more traditional modes of folk-singing? Hmmm....Roll on Columbia, roll on.

Stewart L. Marks

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Theodore Bikel, Jean Carignan, Judy Collins, Bob Davenport, The Georgia Sea Island Singers, Jean Redpath, Dave Van Ronk, Jackie Washington VRS-9149 (Mono) & VSD-79149 (Stereo)

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Vol. 1 — Leon Bibb, Pat Clancey, Tom Makem, Martha Schlamme, Pete Seeger VRS-9062 (Mono) & VSD-2053 (Stereo) Vol. 2 - Joan Baez and Bob-Gibson, Bar-

bara Dane, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, The New Lost City Ramblers, Odetta, Mike Seeger VRS-9063 (Mono) & VSD-2054 (Stereo)

Vol. 3 — Oscar Brand, Cynthia Godding, Frank Hamilton, Ed McCurdy, John Jacob Niles, Jean Ritchie, Earl Scruggs, Frank Warner

VRS-9064 (Mono) & VSD-2055 (Stereo)

Newport — 1960

Vol. 1 — Jimmy Driftwood, John Lee Hooker, Tom Makem, Alan Mills and Jean Carignan, The New Lost City Ramblers, Pete Seeger

VRS-9083 (Mono) & VSD-2087 (Stereo) Vol. 2 - Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, Bob Gibson and Bob Camp, Cisco Houston, Ewan MacColl, Ed McCurdy, Peggy

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NEWBURY CENTRE ANNOUNCED BY DON WEST

Guitarist Don West has announced the opening of a new establishment, The Newbury Centre, which will operate as a place of instruction of all folk music instruments. Don, who has felt for a long time that the folk community and its friends have long needed an establishment which could give some sort of unity to the studying of folk instrumental techniques, will be joined by Jim Kweskin, Tim Hardin, and a number of other instructors in the teaching of both class and private lessons.

Instruction is planned at the time for Guitar, (all styles), Banjo, Fiddle, and Mandolin; additional instruction for other instruments is now being considered.

The Newbury Centre will be located at 303B Newbury Street in Boston, right around the corner from the Prudential Center. For additional information, you can call

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ON FOLK SONGS & OTHER SONGS TO BE SUNG

by barry e mushlin

(Barry Mushlin has been delivering our magazine to dealers for months, but recently he has turned his hand to writing with some rather unique results.)

I have heard a lot of talk and a lot of complaints about this current upswing in the number of topical and other folk songs being currently written, published, and sung around. It seems that the folk media is swamped with the efforts of the new writers. A lot of people are quite taken aback with this volume of new material, a lot of it not very good, being forced upon the public. Today, more than ever before, mass presentation is the thing. What with radio, TV, records, the folk publications, and a fast transportation network, a singer can be heard in a lot more places by a lot more people than he ever could have been 20 or 30 years ago. I quite agree that not all the new songs are good songs, but let us consider the reasons why we are being subjected to all of this:

When someone writes a song, it is not necessarily going to be a good one. The only way to find out is to let other people hear it. With today's mass presentation media, an awful lot of people are going to hear it, be it good or bad, before someone comes out and says, "Hey, that song's not so hot! I like that other one you wrote better. Sing that instead." Or visa versa: "That's good. You should keep singing it!" Thirty years ago, if a singer wrote a new song, he might sing it for a few people in each of the towns he passed through, see if they liked it, and see if they remembered it his next time through. This was a slow process for spreading one's material, but it did give the writer time to separate the worthwhile from the trash. Nowadays, almost as soon as the song is written, everybody is singing it or talking about it.

Every time Dylan or La Farge or Paxton or Ochs or Chandler or any of the others writes a song, we'll hear it, or at least hear about it, pretty fast. But, hey, every song they write doesn't have to be a good one. It's up to us to decide which are the good - the worthwhile ones. Woody Guthrie wrote well over a thousand songs in his time. Only a very small percentage of these are sung today. We remember, and we sing only the best of the songs Woody wrote - the songs worth remembering and worth singing.

Let's not knock today's young writers. It takes time to determine what of their material is worthwhile; we cannot say now which of their songs are the good ones - the ones that will be remembered. This decision, only time will make.

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